

NATIONAL REPUBLICAN.
WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 13, 1881.THE NEW SOCIETY GRAZE,
New Society People Are Showing Off
Their Shapes.

If I were a railroad brakeman
I'd hold the stations so plain
That the man who was going to Texas
Would go down through to Maine,
From west to east, from north to south,
And I'd give each a mighty roar
That the passengers kick in the sleeper
Would all fall out on the floor!
For I could sing like a voice,
And I could affect a step,
In the sweet, soft tones of fallen harps
For eleven days a week.

I'd ride the trucks about;
I'd roll them up in the corner,
I'd stand on the back of the cart,
I would hold the horses out by the roots.
I would kick their corners in,
And strew their stumps all round the car,
And make them tank and thin;
I could sing like a voice,
And I could affect a step,
In the sweet, soft tones of fallen harps
For eleven days a week.

—Hawkeye

OLD CLOTHES.

"Ifs sleeps where he fell," says a
late fallad, which suggests that he might have

dropped dead in his sleep.

The mind is said to be the seat of the soul. If this is so, how many souls there are to whom the point of a pin would look like a sofa.

"An' that's the Pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles.

The land said: What's the rest of his bed-clothes like?

A Toledo man poured hot water down his wife's back because she would not attend his church. And now his back is higher than ever.

Even a deacon won't say grace when he steps into a railway eating-house. He knows that it would be asking too much to request that he be made thankful for anything he will get there.

There was a young lady of Lowell,

whose father burnt nothing but oil.

And so to get warm.

—A well-made maid of Nantucket

Was dressed to see a basket;

And she sighed: "There's a sleep;

But, oh! I'd never let such a sleep."

"I have a little poem that I tossed off in an idle hour, and I'll send it to you if I can." It writes a young lady in Iowa. Go on the roof and toss it off again, selecting a day when the place is high. Perchance it may fall in waste places and never be bothered by it.

AN AMIABLE ALLIGATOR.

How It Curled Up and Slept With a Boy Under a Blanket.

The long wharf at Mandarin, Florida, stretches some six hundred feet out into the peaceful harbor, and a repair boat, with a crew of men, after their night's toil in hauling boats with their nets, to sell the netting to the inhabitants and ship the surplus by morning steamer to Jacksonville.

I strolled down the wharf in quest of a mess, and met a tall, bold, bairnian, on whom

face the hint of fishing all night had left a pale place impression.

"I have a fish," said he. "No fish at all last night. I should have had some fish, too, if it wasn't for an alligator. He got in my net and it took me nearly all night to get him out, and there were two of the prettiest schools of bass hopping by that I ever saw. Instead of getting a good lot of us, I caught only one, and would have done if it had not been for the boy; he liked the process he was undergoing. Perkins he liked the jolt division of the boy's good-natured." He won't hurt you!"

He picked him up and put him down, rolled his tail, rubbed his sides, and put his big, ugly head upon the dock, without general exhibition, and though it was all the alligator was as quiet as a lamb.

Indeed, he seemed rather to like the process he was undergoing. Perkins he liked the jolt division of the boy's good-natured." He won't hurt you!"

"Won't he bite him?" I asked.

"No; alligators won't generally bite," said my fisherman, "unless you tantalize 'em. That boy there, he continued, "is just like a baby; just as quick as his head is down in the night he's asleep."

Now this seemed just like most babies to me.

I said nothing, while he went on—

"Last night, sir, after we watched that 'gator we put him in the bottom of the boat forward, and that boy there went and laid right down alongside of him, and sir, if he and the alligator didn't sleep together, rolled in the same blanket, the sleep of the night."

I looked in the boy's face for some trace of kindship to the ugly surlion or sorn of that which had won its mild behavior, but the kind eyes and look of jolly good nature were all I could see.

For, if all the winter visitors to Florida were endowed with good-humored, rollicking natures the ugly brother would be quite at home in affectionate domestic nests, which we might lead about with a pink ribbon or dandle in our arms with interested love.—*Poet and Scribe*.

Inference.

"I liked your sermon very much to-day, but, I must except," said a worthy pastor to a minister who had occupied his pulpit a portion of the Sabbath.

"Well, what was the exception?"

"I think you used rather too many technical phrases."

"Did I? I didn't think of it."

You repeated words of drawing inference. Now that was stuck to many hearers."

"You are mistaken, brother, as you are live."

I do not believe one-half of my congregation would understand the phrase."

"You certainly cannot be right."

"I am. Now there is Mr. Smith—pointing out a man just turning the corner—"who quite an intelligent farmer. We'll overtake him, and I will speak to him."

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